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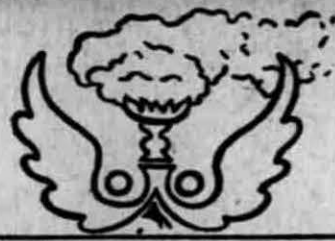
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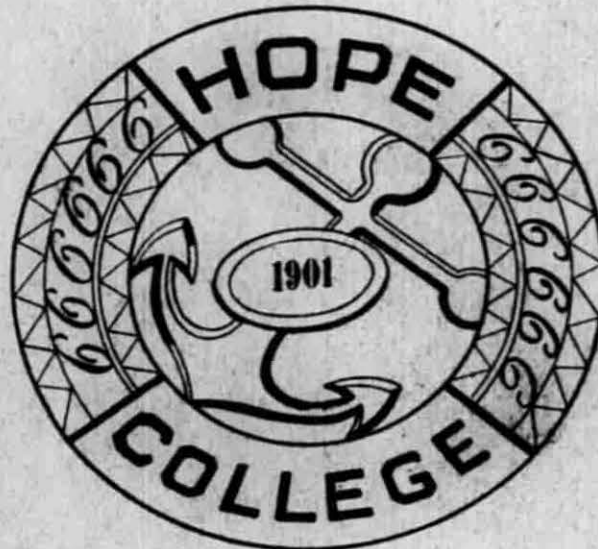
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Hope College

The Anchor.

OCTOBER.



HOLLAND, MICHIGAN

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High Mass in Milan Cathedral.

The Cathedral of Milan is the third church in Europe in point of size. Only St. Peter's at Rome and the Moorish Cathedral of Seville excel it. Thus it becomes the largest Gothic church in Europe, or in the world for that matter. As Gothic is the style which probably more than any other appeals to the Teutonic race as the ideal manner of church building, this Cathedral of Milan ought to be the grandest and most magnificent church building in Europe, if it be found that its proportion and decorations correspond with its size. For although mere size can never give any building a claim to renown, (perhaps the most beautiful gem in Europe is the tiny Royal Chapel in Paris,) it still remains true that immensity enhances in a marvellous degree the beauty of decoration and the harmony of proportion which constitute excellence in architecture.

Nor is the building at all disappointing except in its main facade, which is unworthy the structure. Looking upon the building from any other direction than directly in front, one is amazed at its magnificence. Seen from a little distance with the sun shining full upon the million traceries in which it seems as if the building proper were enveloped, it seems to be a solid piece of delicately chased silver, so perfectly does the white marble reflect the light from every one of its infinitely varied surfaces. As we draw nearer we see the massive square pillars

which support the roof, with the intervals almost entirely filled with stained glass windows that reach nearly to the cornice, while all the immense piers are so broken up with mouldings and statues that it seems there is hardly a place left large enough to rest one's hand upon, and the windows are so filled with stone tracery that their size dwindles away, only the perpendicular lines being cunningly left free to give that effect of reaching far into the skies which is one of the chief beauties of the Gothic church.

But that for which Milan Cathedral is most known is the elaborate decoration with which it is covered on every side. Over two thousand statues are placed on the exterior. Ninety-eight spires ascend from its roof, each seventy-five feet in height. As one looks down upon this roof from the balcony high in the tower, or walks over its marble surface two hundred and fifty feet in air, the eye rests on such a forest of flying buttresses and spires that it is perfectly bewildered, and seeks almost in vain to trace out the lines of the building.

Only when the building is entered do we appreciate its real grandeur. The columns which support the ceiling are so plain and tall that they seem slender, though four men could barely reach around any of them. The ceiling seems so far away that surely it is above the earth, and something of heaven must be enclosed within its lofty arches. Then over the whole is thrown that soft and golden glow which can come only through the rich and varicolored glass with which the church windows are filled. In the three windows of the apse back of the high altar, which are the three largest windows in the building, are some three hundred and sixty Biblical scenes, each worked out in stained glass, and most of them copied from celebrated paintings. The colors in these pieces of glass, with the light from the bright Italian sky shining through them, are the most brilliant that can be imagined. They almost surpass anything that painter's brush has laid on canvas, and have this inestimable advantage, that they never fade. To the visitor of three hundred years hence they will be as bright and luminous as they are today.

It is in such a place as this that one can hear the service of the Roman church to the best advantage. One seems to be drawn away from earth's trivialities and commonplaces and expects to hear the solemn tones of a mighty organ reverberating through the far distant arches and among the many columns. The long and elaborate High Mass seems most appropriate here where all is in harmony, and all is unrivalled splendour.

First of all the priests and choir boys came from the several vestries and took their place in the choir, then the organ played and those in the choir formed in procession—first the acolytes and attendants, then the priests and last of all the

officiating priest with two attendants, each robed in cloth of gold studded with precious stones. Over these three was held a canopy, and before them two lighted candles were carried, for the officiating priest carried the Sacred Host, before which all the people knelt as it passed. Twice up and down the church the procession went, and at intervals, now near, now far away, they would break out into some Latin hymn, and the sounds would roll up and down the church with peculiar resonance, as if coming from one knew not where.

When all had returned and were again seated in the choir, the officiating priest began the Order of the Mass, with those words which are repeated in so many tens of thousands of places every morning, "In the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, Amen, I will go up to the Altar of God." Then followed the priest's confession of his own sins and the attendants' prayer for his forgiveness, whereupon the confession of the people was heard and the priest announced their forgiveness. The priest went to the high altar and repeated the litany, after which the choir and organ burst out into the magnificent *Gloria in Excelsis Deo*, whose solemn tones filled the church with a glory equalled only by the light that fell through the windows upon the marble floor. Now a reader mounted into a pulpit and read the Epistle. While the reading stand was being moved from one side of the pulpit to the other, an anthem was chanted, and then the Gospel was read. Then, in the most solemn tones of the whole service, all chanted the creed, and the preparations for the sacrifice of the Mass were made.

At this point a young priest mounted into a second pulpit and preached. I think his sermon was about forty minutes long. It was in Italian. He spoke with a zeal and earnestness coupled with self-control which I have seldom heard surpassed. The fire of his spirit was evident even to one who understood not a word of what was said. The two or three thousand people who were massed around the pulpit, most of them standing, listened most intently, almost breathlessly, until the close, and after he was done a solemn hush seemed to pervade the whole vast building, till the organ pealed forth again the preliminary to the Mass. Then followed the washing of the priest's hands, and at last the tinkling of a little bell announced that the sacrifice was being offered. All the people sank upon their knees thrice, and the priest held up the Sacred Host. Then, breaking off a portion and dropping it into the chalice, again the little bell announced that he was partaking of the communion. A few more prayers and the priest's blessing of benediction and all was over. The people scattered and were soon lost in the immensity of the building, while some of the priests went back to their vestries, and some remained at their own devotions.

It is hard to express one's feelings on leaving the church

after such a service. It seems unpardonable that all except the sermon is in Latin, though Latin seems to lend itself most easily to the chants and intonations which add so much to the solemn grandeur and impressiveness of the Mass. However false the doctrine of the Mass may be I think none can attend a celebration like this and see the expression of honest devotion on so many of the faces without being convinced that it is not all wrong. Perhaps for us who are of a different race, reared in a different country and in a totally different society, it is better to say, "I do not understand."

JOHN W. BEARDSLEE, JR.

x x x

The American Negro.

No story is more touching than that of the negro. Rudely was he dragged from his native land, inhumanly he was sold in a foreign slave-market, humiliated, he suffered a life of misery. Such a life was sufficient to make him wretched. "But" you say, "the poor blackman was emancipated." Yes, he was freed but to be spurned or forgotten. A life of drudgery had made the negro wretched but a life in which he was despised or forgotten made him desperate or despondent. But why was he freed? Why scorned and neglected?

To-day we are astonished to think that in this country, less than fifty years ago, a man could be a slave. And is it possible that for more than half a century after the signing of the glorious Declaration of Independence men groaned beneath the clang of the chain or screamed at the lash of the whip? Or was the glorious principle of men's freedom and equality a farce in history, and was it mockery to the lives and deaths of heroes from the time the first innocent blood flowed at Boston till the welcome note of victory rang out at Yorktown? If we say that our heroes struggled only for themselves we detract from their glory. The blood of those martyrs flowed to enforce a divine law,—a law of justice and freedom.

The divine law which makes men free and equal places the negro on an equality with the white man. Yet for half a century the negro was denied his right. Men knew slavery was wrong; they opposed it but did not root it out. Slavery, like a weed, flourished in the garden of freedom. Frequently its growth was retarded but its root remained firm. To the men in the North, slavery was a positive evil. They were opposed to its extension but slothful to root it out. To the men in the South, slavery was a positive necessity. There the slave was looked upon as the source of wealth. A New England manufacturer might as well be expected to close his shop as a

Georgian planter to free his slaves. The North remonstrated, the South persisted, and the negro groaned in his bonds. But the crisis had reached its zenith, Harriet Beecher Stowe stung the inactive to the quick. John Brown began the contest by force. And Abraham Lincoln, urged on by the prick of conscience which stung many a heart for the same cause, with one bold move freed ten million slaves.

With the dreadful civil war over, and the negro free, the North rejoiced. The fortunate blackman was looked upon as saved. The North thought it had accomplished its duty. No loitering groups of idle negroes reminded the former abolitionist of the dependent blackman. The object of its toil was slowly forgotten in the new work of restoring the suffered losses. In the South, where the former drudger was suddenly raised to an equality with the wealthy planter, the negro was looked down upon and despised. The negro freed from his bond and rescued from slavery became scorned and neglected.

It is sad to think that the North forgot the negro. Never will we dare to think that there was any other purpose for the terrible civil war than the freeing of the blackman. We must believe that the hearts were sincere of the men in blue as, marching thro Georgia, they sang, "And altho we may be poor not a man shall be a slave." But the prospects of the newly made free man were dimmed when on one night his champion and only hope, fell a victim to the cruel hand of an assassin. The hopes of the negro were like an horizon that, darkened by the setting sun, mutely waits for its rising.

But what is the cause of hatred against the black race in the South? Have the racial differences not vanished and have the two races not co operated for mutual advantages so that to-day there are no dividing lines? No, the two races are conspicuous, the one honored and exalted, the other hated and despised. The following illustration suggests a reason for the hatred against the negro. Imagine a kind father and loving husband who, by means of arduous toil has built a home. Each night a smiling wife and happy children await him as he returns from his labor. How we idolize such a home! Now news is flashed thro a community that a negro has despoiled that sacred family seat, that the protector is killed, that the mother or daughter is torn violently from the family circle and left worse than dead. The community, no matter how quiet and law-abiding is touched to the quick. The deepest passions are inflamed, the fiercest instincts of man are aroused, reason is temporarily dethroned, law and order are forgotten, mob violence runs riot, and nothing can satisfy but that death fall upon the criminal with a power as terrible and resistless as a thunderbolt discharged from an angry storm-cloud. No living being could have sympathy for the criminal! By the repeating of a few like incidents the

black race has become suspected. There lies the mistake. In every race there is a class which fails or refuses to take advantage of its opportunities. The better class in the race must out-shine in its good work the evil deeds of the criminals, and thus redeem the race. The American negro has already accomplished much in this. The peaceful, earnest and striving have become contented agriculturists and mechanics. The kind, loving and philanthropic find their representative in a Booker T. Washington. Noble defenders of their adopted country are found among the negro soldiers. Unparalleled bravery has been shown by the negro patriot. With hearts of heroes have they met the storm of shot and shell at Santiago and El Caney.

Is it still possible to neglect the American negro? The past has already redeemed them. To-day we recognize potentiality in the negro. In the future we shall see the negro's powers developed. From their lowest ranks will rise men like Lincoln who strive to aid the needy and benefit mankind. The descendant of the former slave will rise to be a statesman to shape the policies of his adopted nation. The negro soldier, with brave and true heart, will loyally support the flag that made him free. Then, throughout every clime shall appear the activity of an oppressed race, the rise of a forgotten people, and the ascendancy of the American negro.

A. KARREMAN, '03

x x x

September 19, 1901.

McKinley, whilst thy stricken form is laid
To rest beneath thy country's verdant soil,
Thy people mourn for thee; thou art the spoil
The baneful hand of Cain by stealth hath made.
O would that hand fore'er had been delayed!
Our souls o'erflow with grief, our blood doth boil
To think what ill reward befell thy toil,
The fame of which shall ne'er from history fade.
All trials have been braved, and to the test
Of life thy virtue did superior prove:
And when thy soul was called to realms of rest
Thou wert like a peaceful sea where calmly move
The changing tides. The flood thy grace unfurled
While ebb laid bare thy pearls to all the world.

M. C. RUISAARD, '05.

Opening Days.

The opening of college this year was an unusual one. There was an atmosphere of mournfulness over the gathering. Everything was suppressed and decorous. Old friends met and greeted each other. Strangers were introduced and welcomed, but the whole seemed more like a gathering of relatives and intimate friends at the door of some grief stricken home than a meeting of college students separated from one another during a long vacation. There were other signs of mourning than those depicted on the faces of students and instructors. Sombre drapings drooped from the arch and pillars of the main entrance of Graves Hall. This cloud did not over-shadow Hope College alone. On the street, in the field and at the work bench there was a lull in the customary activity. The nation was in mourning and heartfelt was each loyal patriot's grief over the tragic death of our country's beloved president.

At nine o'clock the chapel began to fill and soon the entire auditorium was occupied with students and friends of the institution. Dr. Kollen, president of the college, presided. In his introductory remarks he recalled a scene in Wall street when the terrible news of President Lincoln's death was received. He quoted the words which from the lips of James A. Garfield, acted on that day like oil upon the troubled waters, "The Lord reigneth, and the government at Washington still lives."

After prayer by Dr. Dosker, Dr. Graham Taylor, of Chicago presented the opening address. He was hopeful for the national life as it passed thro the lights and shadows of events. He paid a touching tribute to the character of the martyred president. The address was of a sociological nature. The Doctor mentioned the name, anarchism, with reluctance, but emphasized the fact that the leaders of the movement were characters of deep convictions and steadfast determinations, made so by carrying the idea of the self-sufficiency of the individual to an extreme. The speaker decried those self-centered, irreproachable citizens who look upon politics as an occupation unworthy of a patriotic citizen and a gentleman. A refusal to participate in local public affairs, he denounced as high treason against the state, and criminal neglect of fellow man. The good citizen must hold up a good, social ideal, create one where one is lacking, and elevate it where it is low.

In every way the prospects for our college are promising, unusually so. A large number of new students have come to cast in their lot with us. And surely they could hardly have made a

better choice. The requirements of our college are strict and high. The applicant who meets these requirements successfully with rare exception, proves a very desirable addition to the student body. We believe our new students are such.

It is a common opinion that a student's life is one of isolation, that it secludes one from the practical advantages so necessary in this age. This condition is hardly true at Hope College. We do come in living contact with the great world of realities. We do more than study, dream and spin theories. Hope College makes men of an intensely practical and resourceful nature. Several conditions tend to develop this among the students.

Manual labor and any honorable work are not looked down upon here. The student who works his way thro college, ready for anything that will aid in his support, is the pride rather than an object of scorn among his fellows. Then practically all the organizations are controlled or conducted by the students themselves. The Athletic Ass'n, the Book Ass'n, the dining clubs, the lecture course, the Anchor and the Y. M. C. A. are so conducted. In a small college like Hope every one is thus given an opportunity to distinguish himself in that toward which he is naturally inclined. The whole scheme of the institution, we would almost say, gives one the advantage of both a compulsory and elective course at the same time.

And not to forget the moral tone and good fellowship prevailing. The Christian student is at home among us. The sceptic and the scoffer is the rare exception. He can not thrive, in truth, he can not exist here. Let not this suggest that we are "old foggies" deacons or pall bearers. If you would see the genuine *esprit de corps*, attend our ball games or oratorical contests, if you would see the natural boy no matter whether he wears knee breeches or a mustache, station yourself in the dark shadows of the campus pines on Halloween eve. Let your imagination then not be of ghosts, for you will see the substance with the shadow.

And now when the student and the place conspire to make the occasion, may we not look forward to a very successful year of college life?

x x x

Three Boys in Camp.

One of the most interesting questions to a student is how to spend his vacation. For the great majority, work comes first. But nearly all manage to get a short season of complete rest. During the past summer a large number of opportunities offered themselves. For Tom, Dick and Harry, in this instance, nothing was so attractive as camping.

They had planned just such an outing long before college closed, in June, only to be put off and off until but two weeks of vacation remained. And then everything was hurriedly planned anew. Tom must come from South Dakota, in the West, Dick from the Western shore of Michigan and Harry from the central part of this state. The place chosen was Long Lake, nearly one hundred miles south of the college campus and not far from Vicksburg. Tom and Dick were the first to meet. A smile of anticipated pleasure beamed upon their faces. In just ten hours they met Harry, and the trio was complete. Ere long, a camping outfit being secured, a willing drayman was driving the happy party to their destination. After driving about three hours the willing driver became an unwilling one, for he claimed he had been taken advantage of and therefore wanted more pay. But being prevailed upon he finally landed them at their destination.

A beautiful spot, with sycamore trees overhead, hazel-nut bushes on the right and the lake on the left, was chosen. The tent was speedily pitched, amid singing and dancing around the ridge poles. Then a more attentive search showed the marvelous beauty of the place. Grape-vines coiled their tendrils around the bushes, birds sang overhead and flowers bloomed in the grass. The lake was clear as crystal, the boats were light as feathers sitting upon the water like ducks, while the fishing was superb. All of these promised a very enjoyable time, especially to those who were capable of making the most of it.

A hasty dinner being dispatched, Dick was sent to catch some fish. He went. He came, but no fish came with him. Then all went, and, whether because of the tremendous noise made by the fishermen or because the *wind was right* as Harry maintained, a shining lot of splashers accompanied them on their return. But now the question arose, who was to cook, who to clean the fish and who to build the fires. After considerable wrangling, Tom and Harry were declared cooks, and Dick was voted chief "bottle-washer." Fish, black coffee and sandwiches was the bill-of-fare for the evening. The whole course was served to all and by all. Of the six loaves of bread and all the fishes only four loaves and no fishes remained.

Darkness came at six o'clock and Tom and Harry settled down to the pleasant task of writing to their "Loves." Dick was left to tease and right well did he succeed until he was put out of the tent only to be let in again on the condition that he would keep still, which he did not do. Bed-time arrived and all "bunked-in." No one slept warm that night for no one had taken enough blankets.

The next morning found each one pretty sullen, but life having returned with the new sunlight, a fishing tour was engaged in with no result but the loss of our best hook which

Harry said was stolen by a big fish. Tom and Dick said nothing for it was only a snag. After breakfast, lounging began. Tho there were dishes to wash and other work to do, Dick mutined and all rested. Reading was tried with no success. Leap-frog seemed to fill the bill, until Tom, having smoked too much, gave it up in disgust. How he was "joshed" no tongue can tell nor pen describe, but he barely survived until dinner-time. Having dispatched the second meal of the day and the larder being empty, they must go a' fishing or fast. Enough for supper and breakfast was their luck but, fish and nothing but fish would scarcely do, so one must go for provisions. A neighboring farmer supplied them to Dick, the *bottle-washer*, who had now become *errand-boy* also. After supper, nothing better offering itself, the newly promised beds were resorted to. Straw filled the bill for blankets pretty well.

A good night's sleep left sunshine upon the boys' faces, tho there was none in the sky. "Is it going to rain?" The wind began to blow and night-lines and floaters must be taken up. One small bull-head on the first hook, nothing on the second, a four-pound pickerel on the third, with nothing on the rest, was the morning's and eventually the day's catch. "Fishing," said Harry, "is no good to-day. The wind is wrong." A foraging expedition was resorted to, with the result that apples, water-melons, potatoes, cabbages and beans filled the larder. They were purchased of course. Now they could lounge, smoke or read to their hearts content. During the night following it rained tremendously. They knew this, for they got wet and were compelled to move, even tho Harry tried to console Tom and Dick with the statement that "the *meshes* of the tent [would] soon swell. The next day it rained all day and they caught no fish. But frogs being abundant on that day they feasted on frog legs. They were good, for a change.

The following day was *the* day of their expedition. A beautiful sunshine, a warm breeze, good boating, kodaking, sight seeing and visitors all went toward making that day *the* day of their outing. Dick and two of the visitors brought in fish enough for a week. Only one thing was done to leave a stain upon that fair day's history, and that was the cooking of a peck of apples. After having cooked for three hours or more and scarcely enough being left for desert, they were served to the longing, ravished men at the table. Each one tasted the stuff but once, and then, well then, it simply went over the fence. The taste had disappeared.

Another day passed and still another with nothing special to note its passing. Time went without notice and the close was fast approaching. It came all too soon this end of so much enjoyed pleasure and rest. The tent ropes were loosened and it fell to the ground. A kodak picture

is all that remains in reality, tho its memory cannot be erased. All are now back at college, agreed that nothing can conduce to pleasure and recreation like a short season of camping.

"DICK."

x x x

The Lecture Course.

The Hope College Lecture Course program for this season will exceed in popularity and general excellence every other course given in the past; in fact it will be equal to the best in the state. In all there will be six events, every one of them most excellent. Much money has been spent by the management to secure the very best musical talent in the country, and the city may be proud of the fact that the Leonora Jackson Concert company has finally been secured; neither Miss Jackson the great violinist, nor Mr. Fellows, the popular tenor, needs any recommendation to an intelligent and informed public. The company will be in Holland Oct. 14. Single admission will be 75 cents and \$1.00.

Then there is the Boston Ladies' Symphony Orchestra of twenty-two pieces, and that finest of string quartets—the Spiering quartet of Chicago—to complete the musical features of the course.

The management has succeeded in getting one of the fifty nights which Mrs. Maud Ballington Booth will devote to the lecture platform. She is a beautiful and accomplished woman, and withal, an orator of no mean power and influence. She will speak on "The Lights and Shadows of Prison Life." The other lecture in the course will be given by Dr. H. P. Hensen of Chicago, one of the most interesting pulpit orators in the West. He will draw laughter and tears when he speaks on "Grumblers: or the Philosophy of Life." Mr. Montaville Flowers will complete the literary part of the course. He is another Powers, and will give us an evening with Dickens.

This fine array of the best talent in the country ought to induce every student to take in the whole course and bring as many friends as possible to hear something that shall outlive a thousand times its equivalent in dollars and cents. Prof. Nykerk deserves much credit for the high grade entertainment he has procured for the student and friends of the college, both now and in the past. B. Kliennesselink has been placed in charge. His assistants are H. G. Pelgrim, J. C. Brouwer, E. J. Strick and J. Vander Beek.

EDITORIALS.

After Days of Vacation.

The end of vacation has brought us again within our College walls to start our daily work anew. If a vacation really has advantages in refreshing tired minds, we should see them now in an increased vigor, in redoubled activity. Whatever we have gained in these days of rest must now help us to begin cheerfully and set to work at once. There is great truth in the old adage "that what is well begun is already half done," and now is the time for us to lay the foundation for easy and pleasant work during the year. We should start in at once, not only in our studies but in every line of work, literary and religious societies, athletics etc. The Anchor must not be forgotten, it should be a true representation organ of all the classes, not of a few faithful contributors.

x x x

Rash Utterances.

The assassination of President McKinley has evoked no small amount of vindictive and vengeful expressions against the assassin. On the corner of streets, in public places, everywhere could be heard a clamor for vengeance. People were impatient for the blood of the murderer.

Everybody, no doubt experience a mingled feeling of sorrow and indignation. We can hardly conceive of a heart so adamant as not to receive a thrill at this shocking intelligence. The dastard crime was revolting to say the least.

But why these loud cries of barbarous revenge? Is it not a shame upon our modern civilization that men, leading citizens, should vie with each other in suggesting methods of torture to which the unfortunate victim should be subjected—methods that far excel in cruelty any that are resorted to by the mad frenzy of a mob?

It is astonishing, indeed, to read the following utterance from a divine occupying the most conspicuous pulpit in Washington: "I wish that the policemen in Buffalo who seized the pistol of the scoundrel, who shot our adored president had taken the butt of the weapon and dashed the man's brains out on the spot."

It is a characteristic of human nature to give vent to rage at a sudden offense, but for a public speaker who enters a pulpit and deliberately gives utterances to such words there should be a severe censure of the entire public rather than the applause of ten thousand people. This utterance will meet with no appro-

val of the thinking class. It is the mob spirit speaking from the pulpit. It is the negro lynching sentiment voiced from a messenger of peace. When will such men cease to connive at all the efforts that are being put forth to foster a spirit of obedience to law and love for order? These words are to be deprecated in a land where law and order are supposed to reign.

When we look back upon the record of lynchings and tortures that has been made in the past year, we have reasons to be alarmed at the spirit of lawlessness existing at the present time. Scarcely a week passed that did not record the atrocious crimes of mobs wreaking their vengeance upon poor victims in any way that savage cruelty could devise.

The people of Buffalo, however, have won the respect of all the thinking public in permitting the law to take its course. The criminal was given a fair trial and will be executed according to law. He will atone for the deed by forfeiting his own life. The inflicting of this penalty ought to be sufficiently grave and serious without adding tortures. Any aggravation beyond the taking of his life would betray a brutality that would shame our civilization.

If government is efficiently administered and justice is not prevented there will be a profound fear of the power and majesty of the law.

Men who mould public opinion should scruple to appeal to the baser passions in their zeal for justice. It will be difficult to teach the humbler members of society respect for law and government unless the more eminent men seek to command it by every word and deed.

x x x

Faith the Keynote.

When this number of the Anchor appears, two long years, twenty-four long and weary months have gone by since the war in South Africa broke out. We have never lost faith in the result of this war, and never will, the right will conquer in the end!

The last few weeks have shown that notwithstanding proclamations, the Boer rifle still finds its mark, not only in the Transvaal and Free State but even within the borders of Cape Colony. Poor "Tommy Athins" can testify to that!

We believe the South African Republics have a great mission to perform in the world's history. They are an example, these so-called uncivilized Boers in more than one respect. Even English papers acknowledge that England cannot reap any glory from the barren fields of South Africa, once so fair and blooming, how greater then is the glory of the little republics! For two years this war has continued, and altho it costs

much blood and many a tear, we believe there will be no peace without independence. How is such an endurance possible? We know that men and children are starving in the Reconcentration camps, they do not want peace without independence. The men are few in number, they lead a life full of privations and have the sufferings of their dear ones constantly in mind, but they too, think freedom their highest good, and trusting in God they hope to achieve it. It is this faith in God which makes the South African war an uplifting one for mankind. It is not so much the bravery of the valiant warriors, not so much their devotion and endurance, the mobility of the troops or the tactics of a Dewet and a Botha, it is this unwavering faith in God. Such a faith must win their independence.

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Among the Societies

In carefully reflecting upon the Literary Society work of the past few years, there has been scarcely any year in which such earnest efforts and hard work have been exerted as the year we have just passed thro. We hope to make the coming year fully as prosperous as the past one and, if possible, even more so. Tho every society feels the loss of some very staunch and faithful members, we rejoice at the large number of new recruits to fill the broken ranks. This fills us with confidence and hope for our aim in view.

And now, to make these columns in some way helpful to society in general, or, in other words, what they ought to be, it is suggested that the secretary of each society shall consider it his duty, or else that each society appoint one of its members whose duty it shall be to watch the proceedings of his society and carefully note the new features introduced, new methods that have been adopted, whether successfully or no, or whatever changes there may be that are of interest and of benefit to other societies, and be ready with a report for these columns at every issue of this paper. Hence we hope, rather than to give but a flattering report of the marvellous success of each society, to discuss methods of procedure and whatever else may be of real benefit to society work. The aims of all our societies are one, that is, to learn to express and to enlarge our own views in regard to what is true, and the good society member will instantly realize the folly of unwholesome, selfish rivalry, and will strive not only to make his own society approach the ideal, but also, for the sake of the unity of purpose, he will naturally seek the welfare of all the societies. For this reason we strive to make these columns in some way helpful to society work in general, and earnestly hope that this line of work in our college shall receive as much attention as it justly deserves.

THE COSMOPOLITANS.

The Cosmopolitans have begun their work with extra ordinary zeal and it is hoped that this spirit shall prevail the entire year. Their number of members, which has been somewhat reduced by last year's graduating class has again been amply increased by new members and in its first few meetings some very "solid" programs were rendered. Criticisms, essays, orations and debates were their principal features. In the debates, there are two participants, and after the winner is chosen an opportunity is given to any one who desires to express his views upon the subject. Another feature that has always awakened great interest as well as amusement in the society is that of an invective and a eulogy usually upon some historical character.

FRATERNAL.

The Fraternal Society has elected the following officers:

President—J. E. Winter.
Vice President—W. De Kleine.
Secretary and Treasurer—J. G. Brouwer.
Keeper of Archives—W. G. Hoekje.
Marshal—E. J. Strick.

With the eagerness of the new members to distinguish themselves and the determination of the old members to get the most out of this year's work, old F. S. Hall will resound with the eloquence and applause never surpassed in its history. Voluntary speaking at the close of the regular program will be made an especial feature of the evening.

THE ULPHILAS CLUB.

The Ulphilas Club has again reorganized for another year's work and the same zeal for work so characteristic of the past year prevails, which we hope shall not diminish. It has now opened its doors to the students of the Seminary, many of whom were members formerly, and the club rejoices to receive such veterans into their midst. Furthermore it extends the privilege of membership to all the ladies of the college, and sincerely hopes that many will avail themselves of this opportunity. At its last meeting held last Monday evening Oct. 7, seven new members joined their ranks and the following were chosen as officers for the coming term: Pres., J. Van Peurse; Vice President, L. Boeve; Secretary and Treasurer, W. Rothschafer; Sergeant, R. Haam.

THE MELIPHONE.

With a marked increase in membership and enthusiasm for work, the Meliphone has begun the new year. At its first meet-

ing the following officers were elected:

President—A. C. Dykema.
Vice President—W. De Bruyn.
Secretary—R. Nichols.
Treasurer—F. Niesing.
Sergeant-at-arms—Geo. Huizenga.
Marshal—H. Vis.

Under the leadership of these men the members have undertaken the literary work of debate—story and essay for the year, hoping by perserving labor and earnest co-operation to attain a still higher degree of excellency in both composition and delivery. And in this good work we earnestly invite all the boys of the Preparatory Department to join.

Y. M. C. A.

The Y M. C. A. is entering upon the year's work with gratifying results. All the departments are in trim shape for effective work. The enthusiasm of the older members is spreading to those lately come among us. There is a rally in Sunday-school and Bible study work. The prayer meetings are well attended. On Oct. 3 the Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A. jointly held the annual reception for new students. H. De Pree presented the welcome address. Prof. Bergen spoke on the growth and mission of the Y. M. C. A. W. H. Cooper gave a few of his humorous readings. Prof. Nykerk and Miss Grace Yates each sang a solo and were heartily encored. Prof. Dimnent, W. Van der Laan and Avis Yates presided at the piano.

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De Alumnis.

Rev. L. Dykstra, '75 of Pella, Ia, has accepted the call from the First Reformed church of Rochester, N. Y.

The First church of Orange City has called the Rev. E. W. Stapelkamp '83 of Kalamazoo.

Rev. B. Hoffman, of Spring Lake, Mich., has received a call from Pella, Iowa.

Rev. J. Vander Meulen '91 has left for his new field in Oklahoma.

Rev. and Mrs. C. L. John will make Grandville, Mich., their home during the winter.

Rev. J. Meulendyke '73 visited friends and relatives in this city recently.

Rev. B. Dykstra '96 has gone to Yale where he expects to take a course in English literature.

Rev. Jerry Winter '98 has taken charge of the Dutch Reformed church at Monroe, S. D.

Prof. J. B. Nykerk '85 reversed the hands of time Friday, Oct. 4 when he conducted an old fashioned "spelling bee" at the county fair.

A farewell reception was given to Mr. and Mrs. Banninga, in Hope Church Sept. 30. The newly appointed missionaries left for Boston on the following Wednesday from which port they expect to sail for South India by way of Liverpool, London, Paris, Rome, Naples thence thro the Suez canal to Colombo, Cylon. From there they will journey to Futicorin on coasting steamers. From this point the inland journey will be made by rail to Madura. The first year or two will be spent in acquiring the Tamil language before entering upon their active missionary labors. "The Anchor" wishes them success and a pleasant journey.

Rev. K. Dykstra has received a call from Pella, Neb.

We are glad to learn of Dr. J. Heeren '93 that his health is improving in New Mexico, where he was compelled to seek recreation.

x x x

Y. W. C. A.

The Y. W. C. A. has again begun its work among the girls of the college. On Sept. 19, a reception was given for the new girls and the following Thursday Sept. 26, Mrs. Gilmore extended to all the girls a cordial welcome and addressed them on "Individual Work for Christ." Two of last years members have left college, but the number on the roll has been considerably increased by the addition of three associate and six active members. The object of the Y. W. C. A. is to deepen the spiritual life of the young women of Hope by surrounding them with such influences as will not fail to remind them of their obligation to God, and to strive to bring the unsaved ones into close and living fellowship with the Lord.

x x x

College Jottings.

Bosh! Football!

"We'er sleeping here!"

"Doctor, what is the best wine for strengthening?"

"They captured this successfully."

Niesink—Are you going to the fair?

Melly—Yes, to the Agricultural fair.

The Brewer and the Fighter Co., consolidated. Cause and result combined Watch for the effect.

To Kruizenga discussing foot ball with the Doctor. Lookout sir you are given to *miss judge*. Exit Ed highly pleased.

Doc at the table passing the sugar to Miss Keppel. "Won't you have some, sweetness?"

The Seniors all wonder since the frog-hunting expedition whether Prof. Mast's shoes fit.

Lines to the old pine tree—

O pine tree
Of sacred memory,
That thou shouldst fall!

Long have thy green arms waved,
Long hast thou stood and braved
The fierce base-ball.

That ball has been thy doom.
It needed some more room
For Patsy's brawn.

Who can explain this? Why do so many of the Van Vleck-ites have skeleton keys to the ladies waiting room? To study specimens. There's the rub. See!

Look out for the next Senior incursion!

Is it absentmindedness which causes Miss Dosker to take "When Knightwood was in flower" to school instead of a text book?

Lottie: "I wrote a twenty-three page letter last night. I love to write to some people."

"No weeds upon the campus."

Mae must have amassed her fortune. She Is *Retiring From Business*.

Heard on the porch. Mrs.— Goodness! how tanned you are, you've been in the sun hav'nt you? Prof. Veghte—most assuredly not, there are no means as yet of transporting oneself to that effervescent sphere. I've been simply basking in the life-invigorating rays which from it percolate through the circumambient atmosphere of the seacoast.

Mr. Ham is a firm believer in co-education. His service gratis to young ladies, Freshies preferred.

Last year Prof. Mast got a calf's head. Can he be looking for the missing link?

Mr. Bloomers—The "muzzles" of the arm.

Prominent upon the list of proposed members for the L. L. L. is the name of "Doc." The L's may show partiality and ac-

cept him but it is doubtful whether he will live through the process of initiation.

Gleanings from Moral Science.

"Some things come in close connection, not by the association of ideas, but by the idea of association"—Kleinhesselink.

"When we see a piece of cloth, we do not think of it, but of the object associated with it."—De Kleine.

Miss Riemens favorite expression—"What is life!"

Prof. Bergen—"What's the matter Duven? Got a sore lip?" Patsy gently strokes it, grinning.

The Junior Class has been styled the Bachelor Class.

Geo. H. Huizenga, a former student of Hope has just completed a course in Optic and Watch-making at the Waltham Horrological College, Waltham, Mass. Mr. Huizenga expects to set himself up in business here Nov. 1.

The elbow room for which Meeboer, the tailor, has been longing these many months, will be all around him when he gets settled in his new place of business, Cor. College Avenue and Eighth street.

W. H. Cooper and Minnie De Feyter have been appointed to fill the vacancy of business manager and local editor respectively.

If a fort is a place to put men in, then, a fortress must be used to store women. Is there one at Hope? The Van Vleck-ites think so.

Would you like to board at the club? We have Ham for breakfast; Ham for dinner; Ham for supper.

If it is true that women wear their "nom de plume" or "cum de plume" to keep their wigs fastened by the hatpin, we hope to see wigless ladies at the lectures.

After the reception—My company madam? No! Oh, is that so, you have more airs than a grind-organ, he spitefully declared. Possibly, she retorted, but just the same I don't go with a crank.

Tete a Tete—So he really said he thought me very witty? Why he said he had to laugh everytime he saw you.

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Exchanges.

Teacher—"What is the one kind of rock that grows?"
Irish boy—"Shamrock! Lipton grows 'em."

* * *

Diet for Freshie—Headcheese, smartweed and evergreen.

* * *

Once seen on Bill Nye's office-sign above a livery stable.
"Twist the mule's tail and take the elevator up."

* * *

She looking up from the Village Gazette—"I declare that handsome fellow arrested yesterday is deaf." He from the hammock—"How do you know?" She—The paper says he is to have his hearing next week.

* * *

Lady—"Is your father a steady drinker?"
Little Boy—"No'm! Dad's very unsteady when he drinks."

* * *

Agent glibly—"I would like to sell you the entire works of Omar Khayyam. They are the finest things that ever came from a pen." Farmer—Them's a new breed o' pigs t'me. Are they anything like Berkshire?"

* * *

The sentimental fair watching a sunset at St. Joe—"See darling how phosphorescent?" He—"No wonder when you reflect how many matches are made here."

* * *

Sunday School Teacher—"Now, Tommy, you may give us your idea of the future state. Tommy—"It's a terrftory."

* * *

She—"You lay such stress on your faith in humanity, but actually I don't believe you believe a word I say." He—My dear *you* are an angel.

* * *

Confused bridegroom on his wedding tour handed the conductor his marriage certificate instead of his pass. The con-

FINE TOILET SOAP

For Little Money at Con De Pree's Drug Store

ductor studied it carefully and said "Eh, mon you've got a ticket fer a lang wearisome journey, but it's not good on the Central."

* * *

How dear to our hearts is the steady subscriber,
Who pays in advance at the birth of the year
Who lays down his dollar, and lays it down gladly
And casts 'round the office a halo of cheer.
He never says "stop it, I can not afford it;"
Nor "I am getting more papers now than I read;"
But he always says, "Send it; the family all like it—
In fact we all think it a household need."
How welcome he is when he steps in the sanctum; [dance!
How it makes our hearts throb, how it makes our eyes
We outwardly thank him, we inwardly bless him—
The steady subscriber who pays in advance.

* * *

I met a goat and said to him
"The question, pray, excuse,
Why do you always wag your chin?"
Quoth he "Because I chews."

* * *

"The constant drop of water
Wears away the hardest stone;
The constant gnaw of Towser
Masticates the toughest bone;
The constant cooing lover
Carries off the blushing maid;
And the constant advertiser
Is the one who gets the trade."

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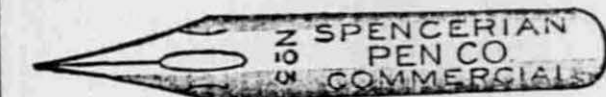
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